EXPLORERS' BRAWLS.

Jealousy Has Disrupted Many a Promising Expedition.

That Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard would conceive suspicions as to the circumstances of the death of her husband in the wilds of Labrador over a year ago was expected by many persons, and her organization of an expedition for the investigation of the exact conditions under which he perished—a task which she is undertaking in person—caused them no surprise. Devotedly attached to him, she bitterly resented the idea that the fruits of his arduous labors as an explorer should be reaped by the companion who survived him, namely, Dillon Wallace, and that the latter should receive glory and fame which she felt convinced belonged to her husband. Brooding over this led her to think that his life might have been saved, and while, so far as I am aware, there is no actual foundation on which to base these imaginings of the widow, yet it must be confessed that in view of the experiences of many former expeditions of geographical exploration she may be pardoned for desiring to satisfy herself by a visit in person to the scene where Leonidas Hubbard's body was found that he met with loyal support on the part of his comrade.

Additional interest is imparted to the trip of this young woman into the wilds of Labrador (she is now on her way thither from Halifax) by the fact that she is being followed at a distance of only three days by Wallace, and that once she has thoroughly investigated the nature of her husband's end she purposes to continue his work of exploration in rivalry and opposition to her husband's former companion.

Of all the sciences that engage the attention of the student, there is none that has been productive of a greater amount of bad blood than geography. There have been few expeditions undertaken in connection therewith that have not been marked by disputes among the members, which have sometimes culminated in tragedies, while there is hardly a single record published of geographical enterprise which does not either contain some dark pages or leave the reader in the impression that there are some episodes that have been left unwritten and shrouded in mystery because they are of a character to injure the reputation of either dead or living participants in the expedition.

Emancipation from the legal and moral restraints of civilization, injuriously influencing characters affected by complete change of manner of life and of climatic conditions, is responsible for many of these sombre features of geographical expeditions. It requires a man of the most extraordinary strength of principle to remain entirely indifferent to the demoralizing nature of his surroundings once he has plunged into barbarous regions, where he may feel that his conscience is the only obstacle to deter him from the perpetration of any crime that may offer itself to his temptation. Added to this, there is the jealousy which is bound to arise among those associated in any work of geographical exploration. Fame is the incentive in nearly all of the latter, and in proportion as the remoteness from civilization increases so do the yearning for glory and the desire to reap the largest amount of kudos from the expedition augment until they reach such a stage as to destroy sentiments of mutual consideration, of loyalty and of comradeship, developing in some instances a jealousy bordering on insanity.

Thus, Speke and Grant, who, ascending the Nile, discovered the great inland sea known as the Victoria Nyanza, quarrelled so bitterly with one another as to which of the two was entitled to the larger share of the credit that the British government, unable on their return to determine the respective merits of their charges against one another, preferred to refrain from any public official acknowledgment of their remarkable services; and the same thing occurred in connection with the discovery of that other huge sheet of water in the interior of Africa, known as Lake Tanganyika, the credit of which belongs to Sir Richard Burton and Captain Speke, who, however, became so embittered against one another after reaching the lake that they parted company in the wilds of the Dark Continent, and each made his way back to the coast alone.

Bonvalot, the famous French explorer, found no words sufficiently strong to express his loathing and contempt for the late Prince Henry of Orleans, with whom he tramped through a considerable portion of that part of the continent of Asia which lies to the north of Cochin China and to the northeast of British India. It was Bonvalot who, many believe, did all the work, and it is to him that many give all the merit of the geographical and political results achieved in connection with this exploring expedition, lasting over several years. Yet it was Prince Henry who secured all the glory and rewards in connection with the achievement, observing after his return to France a most marked silence with regard to his companion. Bonvalot, a hot tempered, self-made man, of peasant origin, and a native of the South of France, resented this bitterly, and his irritation against the prince was increased a hundredfold when he recalled to mind the repeated occasions on which he had saved Prince Henry's life at the risk, as he declared, of his own, sometimes by the exercise of mere physical strength. For Bonvalot was a magnificent athlete, with muscles and nerves of steel, that enabled him to withstand the greatest fatigue and the most severe taxes upon his strength of mind and body. Later on there was a sensational encounter between the two at Djiboutil, the French port and colony on the Red Sea coast, where Bonvalot was prevented only with the utmost difficulty and by main force from thrashing the prince with his fists, and where he denounced him to his face, not only as "the most contemptible of men" and the "greatest poltroon" that he had ever met, but likewise as guilty of the grossest kind of dishonesty, in obtaining credit and rewards for the achievements of others. Prince Henry never made any attempt to call Bonvalot to account for these charges or to clear himself in the eyes of the French army and navy officers present of the imputations which they contained, and, inasmuch as he failed to seek redress either on the field of honor or in the courts of law, many cannot help believing that there must be some foundation for the accusations made against him by one of the most famous of French explorers of the nineteenth century.

A number of explorers have been so bent on monopolizing the celebrity and likewise the lucre resulting from the expeditions which they directed that they have endeavored to bind down the members of their party neither to publish any record of the enterprise or even to talk for publication until a considerable time had elapsed after their return to civilization, and the public, having been satiated with the records published by the leader, had ceased to manifest any further interest about the matter. The late Sir Henry Stanley took this precaution on the occasion of his last tramp across Africa. It served to embitter his associates more and more against him as the march from one side of the Dark Continent to the other went forward, and as they reflected, amid their hardships, that he alone was to reap all the pecuniary benefit and all the glory of the dangers shared in common, and of which in some cases they, and not he, bore the brunt. How justified they were in taking this view will be seen by the fact that, whereas Stanley himself died a rich man, with a title and a seat in Parliament, several of his companions breathed their last in the workhouse, where he began his career.

Indeed, Stanley was the only member of the expedition to receive any reward for the success of the enterprise. Not only did the others remain without any recognition whatsoever from the government or from any of the scientific societies, but their very names have been forgotten, with the exception of the ill fated Major Barttelot, who is remembered only in connection with his quarrel with Stanley and his tragic and mysterious death in the most sombre depths of Africa. The major was a distinguished officer of the Scots Guards, with a splendid record of active service, a man most popular in London society and in his regiment, heir to an ancient baronetcy, and son of the most universally respected member of the House of Commons, old Sir Walter Barttelot. It was Stanley himself who had selected him, with the consent of the British War Department, to act as second in command of his Emin relief expedition. Yet before the latter had got half way across Africa Stanley and the major were not on speaking terms, and on Barttelot being killed by the natives, under circumstances never made entirely clear to this day, Stanley went to the length of intimating that he got nothing but what he deserved.

When the expedition returned to England without Barttelot Stanley first of all pointedly declined to make any mention whatsoever about the young officer, leaving people to infer that there was some mystery in connection with his death—something that would not bear the light of day. Pressed for an explanation by the relatives and many friends of Major Barttelot, Stanley came out with unsupported charges against the dead man, charges affecting his humanity, his honor—nay, his very civilization. This aroused much resentment on the part of the young guardsman's friends and others.

The Marquis de Segonsac, recently released from Moorish captivity on the payment of a ransom to the rebels who carried him off into the mountains, has had his brilliant military career ruined and his life clouded by the accusations brought against him of having murdered his fellow officer and senior, Captain Quiquerez, on a mission of exploration into the interior of Western Africa some ten years ago. He returned from it alone, reporting that the captain had succumbed to fever. Gossip on the part of his native followers led to an expedition being sent to disinter the captain's remains for the purpose of investigating his death. The skull showed a bullet wound, and then the marquis explained that the captain had shot himself in an attack of delirium, and that he had concealed the true facts of the case out of consideration for the feelings of his comrade's family. Charged with the captain's murder, he was, after a year spent in prison, tried by court martial, which, in view of the fact that the evidence, both for and against him, was exclusively native, and therefore untrustworthy, acquitted him, though by a narrow majority. It is only fair to add that Quiquerez was a quarrelsome man, of jealous temperament and addicted to drink, whereas the marquis was in those days a singularly charming and wonderfully popular man.

The French captains Vouillot and Channoine, the latter a son of the general of that name who was Minister of War at the time of the Dreyfus revision controversy, mutinied some years ago when they learned that the commander in chief at Algiers had sent out a favorite of his, a Lieutenant Colonel Kolb, to assume the command of their partly completed expedition of exploration in the French Soudan, and thus to rob them of the fruits of their discoveries and secure for himself all the credit and the reward for the successful issue of what they had looked upon as their own particular enterprise. They shot him, as well as those members of their expedition who showed any disposition to follow his lead, but were then killed in turn by some of their native retainers.

How intense these jealousies among explorers become may be gauged from the fact that not even the greatest dangers shared in common serve to appease them, and that men will condemn themselves to the most incredible hardships, to exile from all civilization and to almost certain death rather than continue in one another's company. Dr. Dedrich, many believe, was not insane, as has been alleged, when he insisted upon abandoning the Peary expedition and being left behind at Etah with the Esquimaux. His action was analogous to that of many other subordinate members of exploring expeditions who could not bear the idea that their leader was going to reap all the fame and pecuniary profit, and this feeling had grown on him to such an extent that he could bear associating with Peary no longer, and preferred even ignorant savages to the companionship of the lieutenant.

His behavior had its counterpart in the disappearance of Lieutenant Cagni, of the Italian navy, with a couple of comrades, in the Arctic regions, while associated with Prince Louis of Savoy, the gallant and chivalrous Duke of the Abruzzi, in that attempt to reach the Pole which took him "farther north than Nansen." Cagni's desertion of the duke's expedition is still enveloped in a certain amount of mystery. But so far as can be ascertained it seems that he resented being assigned by the prince to remain near the base when the last and fruitless attempt was made to reach the Pole across the ice, and that instead of remaining at his post in charge of the line of communication, to insure the safe return of his royal chief, he started off on an attempt to reach the Pole on his own account. What has become of him and of his two companions is a matter for conjecture, for they have never been seen or heard of since.

Australia, too, furnishes several instances of similar tragedies in connection with the exploration of the interior of that continent, of quarrels between leaders and of members of the party either wandering away of their own accord and of being lost to sight forever, like Dr. Leichardt, or else of being themselves abandoned in the desert. Indeed, there is no end of such cases, all going to show that the fame attached to geographical exploration has the effect of developing selfishness, jealousy and suspicion to such a degree as to unbalance even the most brilliant minds.

EX-ATTACHE.

NICE FOR THE PROPRIETOR.

"The hotel is so crowded, sir, that the best we can do is to put you in the same room with the proprietor."

"That will be all right; just put my valuables in the safe." —(The Tatler.

PRELIMINARY SIGNS.

She—I shouldn't be surprised to hear of another engagement; John and Celia are such close friends.

He—Yes, comrades in arms.—(Yale Record.